

Chr. has gone - The clouds why the
very clouds reproach me for long looking
at them. They are fast with as I've been
so many many times with the same waste
& feeling - same hunger of knowledge - the
same famine of mind. How can it be that
nothing is gained but patient waiting that
the soul is not quit of thirsting - give up
& finish by despair. There something keeps
it besides itself or it would have come
change - not always the same denail.
But don't wish me a happy year -
tho' you do wish it. But you don't
write me as aptly that I need caution.
The best has been so full of endurance that
I almost shudder for the first time to enter
another journey of the staid ven. "Come what
may" God comes too. May He bring some
new blessing on the young head and I
will call it a good year - come yet - come

power to do good more than before
Something that will be needed - that your
guardian Angel will welcome you with when
you are old no longer. We you have done
well by the last year - hope to visit you
so much attention again. Your visits at
Covers St. have a sweet remembrance
there you are all ^{not} together & I don't find
you.

I that I ~~could~~ have said a
word but I don't why a fit of de-
pendency has covered it. Adieu
yours as we are all
M.M.

M.M.E.
Jan. 2. 1835.
? I don't explain of not seeing
you more as it is good of you
to come so much & entirely right
that you come no more. Beriah
Wald, is here